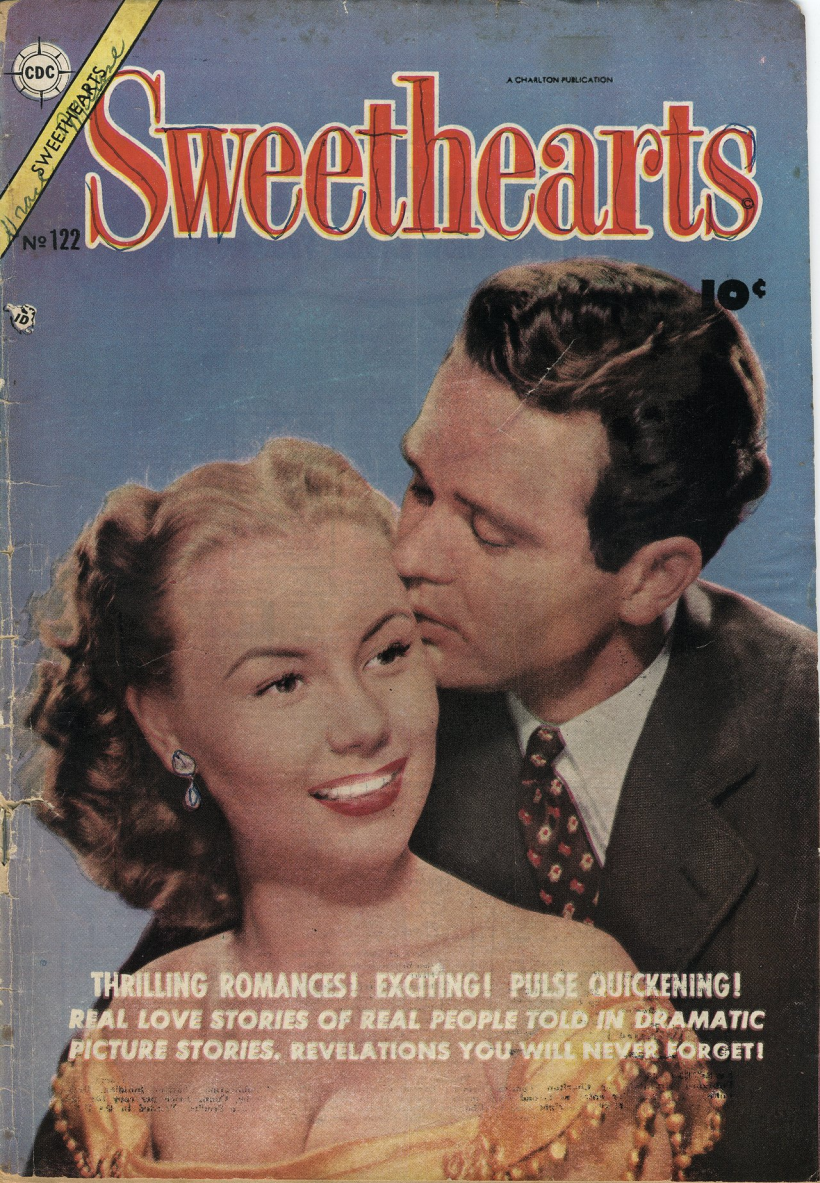




CDC

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Sweethearts

No 122

10¢

**THRILLING ROMANCES! EXCITING! PULSE QUICKENING!
REAL LOVE STORIES OF REAL PEOPLE TOLD IN DRAMATIC
PICTURE STORIES. REVELATIONS YOU WILL NEVER FORGET!**

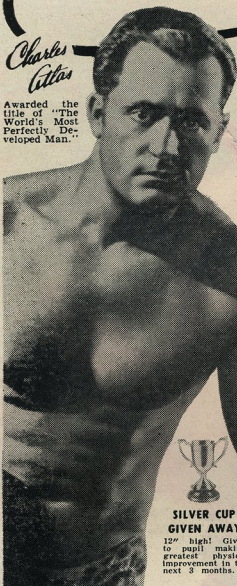


WEB COMIC
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Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE
COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!



Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—
and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up t h a t sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"**DYNAMIC TENSION**!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

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ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Fat and flabby?
Do you want to lose or gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my **FREE BOOK**

condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 32512, 1115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.
"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York
"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

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"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch. My chest two inches."

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"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

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115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
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- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
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- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely **FREE** a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to all health questions, and valuable advice! I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way

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City _____ State _____

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

SWEETHEARTS

Published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group. Application for entry as second class matter pending at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues, \$1.20. Copyright 1953 by Charlton Comics Group. Designed by Al Fago Studios. Printed in the U.S.A.

Volume 1, Number 122

March, 1954

Cover Portrait — Mitzi Gaynor and Bob Graham

SWEETHEARTS

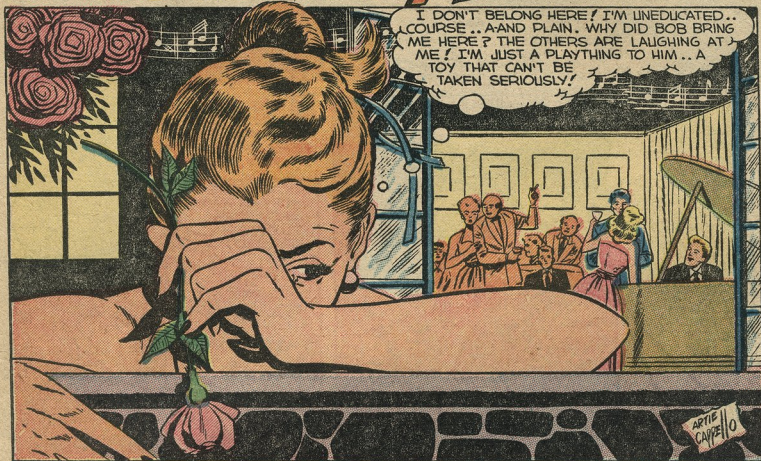
The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE * COWBOY WESTERN HEROES * CRIME AND JUSTICE * FUNNY ANIMALS
 EMI dig this crazy comic * HAUNTED * HOT RODS AND RACING CARS * POT O' GOLD
 LASH LARUE WESTERN * ROCKY LANE WESTERN * RACKET SQUAD * SIX-GUN HEROES
 ROMANTIC STORY * SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES * STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
 SWEETHEARTS * TEX RITTER WESTERN * TRUE LIFE SECRETS * TV TEENS
 ZOO FUNNIES * THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

WHAT IS IT LIKE TO FEEL UNWANTED AND LONELY? WHAT IS IT LIKE TO BE A PAWN TO YOUR OWN DESIRES? I KNEW! I FELT AND EXPERIENCED THE TORTURE OF KNOWING WHAT I WAS... A DESPERATE WOMAN IN LOVE, A WOMAN WHO COULD HIDE A TERRIBLE SECRET IN HER HEART BUT NEVER FORGET IT... A WOMAN WHO WAS...

Passion's PLAYTHING



LIFE IN THE OZARK HILLS WASN'T VERY EASY, TRUE... THERE WAS WORK FOR ALL... BUT LIVING WASN'T ALL WORK. PEOPLE KNEW ONE ANOTHER INTIMATELY... TOO INTIMATELY IN FACT. MAYBE THAT WAS MY FAULT. I WAS UNHAPPY AND BITTER. ALL THE BOYS HAD TRIED TO DATE ME. BUT I WASN'T GOING TO BE ANYONE'S SWEETHEART... NOT ME! I WAS GOING TO WAIT FOR SOMEONE WONDERFUL!

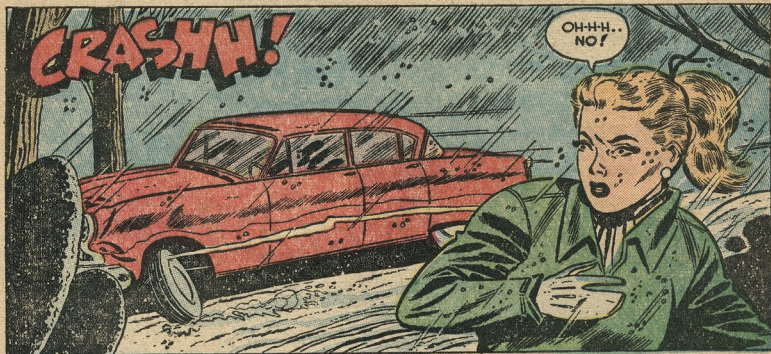
BUT WHEN IS HE GOING TO COME INTO MY LIFE? WHEN WILL I EVER MEET HIM?



I FELT I WAS DIFFERENT THAN THE OTHER GIRLS IN THE HILLS. I WANTED TO LIVE LIKE GIRLS I'D READ ABOUT IN BOOKS... HOPING SOME DAY MY PRINCE CHARMING WOULD COME! THAT AFTERNOON WAS LIKE ALL THE REST... QUIET AND BORING... ONLY NOW, AS I TURNED MY HEAD...



SWEETHEARTS



IT ALL HAD HAPPENED SUDDENLY! ONE MOMENT THE CAR WAS ON THE ROAD.. THE NEXT MOMENT, IT WAS A SHATTERED WRECK. I RAN TO THE CAR AND WRENCHED OPEN THE BENT DOOR, DRAGGING, PULLING THE STILL FORM THAT WAS HUNCHED OVER THE WHEEL...



I SAT THERE FOR WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN HOURS. BUT THE MEN FROM TOWN WHO RUSHED UP TOLD ME IT HAD BEEN MINUTES! STILL I DIDN'T KNOW WHY I WAS SO PANICKY...



THAT WAS HOW BOB DERMOT CAME INTO MY LIFE... LIKE A PRINCE CHARMING! ONLY IT WAS CINDERELLA WHO NURSED HIM BACK TO HEALTH! DURING THOSE NEXT FEW WEEKS, I NEVER LEFT HIS SIDE, DETERMINED TO MAKE HIM WELL AGAIN...



I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY TO FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT SOMEONE I HAD NEVER EVEN TALKED TO. MUCH LESS SEEN IN MY ENTIRE LIFE. BUT I KNEW.. DEEP DOWN IN MY HEART I KNEW HE WAS THE ONE!



SWEETHEARTS

FANTASTIC? UN-REAL? YES... I SUPPOSE IT WAS! BUT I COULDN'T HELP WHAT I FELT TOWARD HIM... TOWARD A MAN WHO HAD COME INTO MY LIFE WITH SUCH SUDDEN FORCE. HEAVEN HAD ANSWERED MY DREAMS. IT WAS A LITTLE THING ON MY PART TO BE HIS SAVIOR! AND AS THE MONTHS MERGED INTO SPRING...



WHAT DO YOU THINK? I OWE YOU MY LIFE... AND MY HEART, DARLING!

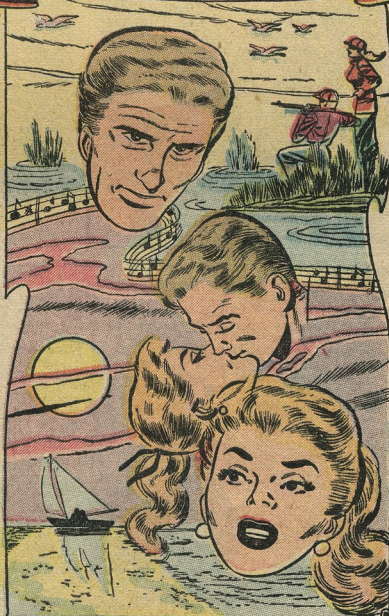
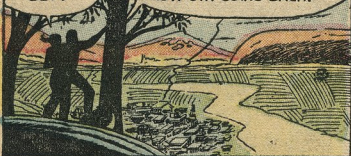
OH, BOB... BOB!

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE PARADISE! BOB WAS **EVERYTHING** I COULD HAVE WISHED FOR. BUT MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT, HE WAS A FAMOUS CONCERT PIANIST... A MAN WHO HAD A GIFT OF TALENT... AND I WAS HIS CONSTANT FRIEND... AND MORE THAN A FRIEND!

BUT THIS DREAM HAD TO END. BOB HAD TO GO BACK TO THE BIG CITY. OUR COMMUNITY HAD BEEN SNOWED IN FOR MONTHS... BUT NOW IT WAS ISOLATED NO LONGER. THE DAY I KNEW... THAT DAY I DIED A LITTLE...

BUT IT'S NOT RIGHT, BOB. Y-YOU'LL NEVER COME BACK TO ME! YOU'LL MEET SOME ONE ELSE AND FORGET!

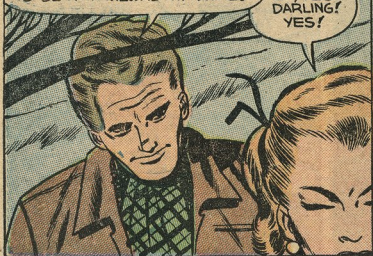
I WON'T... BECAUSE YOU'RE COMING WITH ME! LOOK, NANCY... WE CAN'T LIVE IN A MAKE-BELIEVE WORLD. I'M PROBABLY GIVEN UP FOR DEAD BACK HOME! I HAD TO GET AWAY FROM THAT JUNGLE... BUT NOW I'M GOING BACK!



SWEETHEARTS

I HATED MY LIFE BEFORE...TOURS, TRAVEL, PARTIES... FALSE VALUES... HYPOCRITICAL FRIENDS! I HAD TO GET AWAY. YOU SAVED MY LIFE... AND I FOUND HAPPINESS HERE WITH YOU... BUT I LOVE MY MUSIC TOO, NANCY. I KNOW YOU'LL WANT TO BE WITH ME... AS MY **WIFE!**

OH, YES DARLING! YES!



AND DAYS LATER... THE BIG CITY... A NEW WORLD BEFORE ME... A WORLD I WAS FRIGHTENED OF... A WORLD THAT LURED ME ON! I CLUNG FIERCELY TO BOB, MY ONE LINK TO SECURITY...

IT'S ALL SO... SO DIFFERENT! WHY DOES EVERYONE RUSH SO?

PROBABLY BECAUSE THEY HAVE NOTHING REALLY TO DO... AND THINK THAT THEY HAVE! ANYWAY... **WE** HAVE!



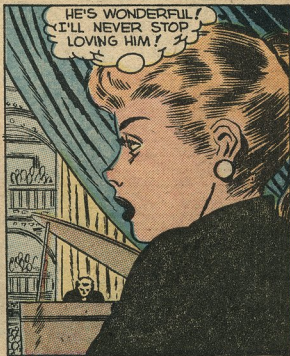
BOB'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE CAUSED A TURMOIL! AND AFTER THE UPROAR, AND EXCITEMENT WERE OVER, BOB GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS!

BOOK ME INTO THE ACADEMIUM, MORRIS. I'M GOING TO GIVE THE PERFORMANCE OF MY CAREER. LATER... WHEN THERE'S TIME, I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!

ALL RIGHT... BUT ANN AND I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION! YOU CAN'T JUST VANISH OUT OF OUR LIVES AND THEN COME BACK!



MORRIS GENTRY AND ANN REVON WERE BOB'S MANAGERS. BUT I SUSPECTED THAT THEY WERE ALSO THE ONE-TIME CONTROLLERS OF HIS LIFE... ESPECIALLY SO SINCE I KNEW THEY DISLIKED ME AS MUCH AS I DISLIKED THEM FOR CHANGING BOB. BUT BOB'S CONCERT WAS A THING OF BEAUTY TO BE REMEMBERED FOR ALWAYS...



BUT SECRETLY I HAD DOUBTED BOB'S OWN MOTIVE FOR WANTING TO RETURN. HIS KISSES HAD BECOME LESS ARDENT... LESS DEMANDING... HIS ATTENTIONS MORE AND MORE VARIED. BUT NOW... NOW AFTER THE CONCERT WAS OVER, HE'D COME BACK TO ME, I THOUGHT. ONLY THAT WASN'T GOING TO BE... FOR LATER, AT A PARTY...

IT'S AS IF I DON'T EXIST! MORRIS AND ANN ARE DOING THIS TO ME DELIBERATELY! WHY DOESN'T BOB TAKE ME AWAY FROM ALL THIS?

WHY?



SWEETHEARTS

Q TRIED HARD NOT TO SHOW MY ANGER AND HURT FEELINGS... BUT I WAS LOSING THE FIGHT. I WASN'T LIKE THESE SMART, SLICK CITY FOLK. I WAS JUST A COUNTRY GAL WHO WANTED HER MAN AND WAS FINDING THE ODDS STACKED AGAINST HER. BUT HOW BADLY STACKED I WAS TO REALIZE WHEN ANN REVON WALKED UP TO ME...



WHAT WAS THE USE OF ASKING BOB? I HAD SUSPECTED ALL ALONG. BUT WHAT I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WAS WHY HE HAD LIED TO ME. HOW COULD A MAN BE THAT LOW TO PLAY WITH A GIRL'S HEART? I COULDN'T FORGIVE HIM... THIS WAS MY BITTER AWAKENING..

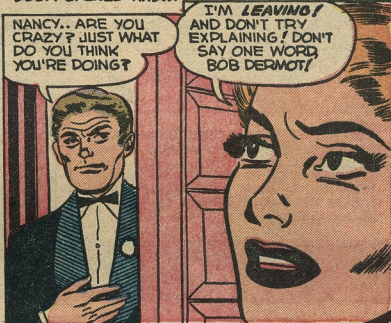
BOB'S TREACHERY!

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I WAS BLIND TO THINK A GIRL FROM THE HILLS COULD HOLD A MAN LIKE HIM! WELL... THE GAME'S OVER. PRINCE CHARMING HAS A

DOUBLE-FACE!



THEN, JUST AS I HAD FINISHED PACKING, THE DOOR OPENED AND...



I'LL SAY ALL I WANT AND YOU'LL LISTEN, YOUNG LADY! I THINK I KNOW WHY YOU'RE GOING. WELL, ANN REVON ISN'T MY FIANCEE ANY LONGER. SHE WISHED THAT TITLE ON HERSELF JUST TO GET YOU OUT OF THE WAY, AND GET ME INTO HER CLUTCHES AGAIN!

Y-YOU MEAN YOU DON'T LOVE HER?



I NEVER DID! I'LL PLAY MY MUSIC MY WAY FROM NOW ON WITH NEW MANAGERS... BECAUSE NEW MANAGERS WON'T EVER BE JEALOUS OF MY WIFE! NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES... OH YES... AND SOMEHOW THE OZARK HILLS ARE RIGHT HERE NOW, DEAREST... RIGHT IN THIS VERY ROOM!



BECAUSE NOW I KNEW THAT I HAD WON BOB FOR MY VERY OWN. THE FEAR IN MY HEART HAD VANISHED FOREVER!

FOR MORE SECRET TRUE LIFE STORIES AND DYNAMIC CONFESSIONS READ OUR NEW BIG ISSUE OF TRUE LIFE SECRETS AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

SWEETHEARTS

I WAS A MUSICIAN'S GIRL

DON'T GO WITH DRUMMER, LOUISE! HE'LL DRAG YOU DOWN INTO THAT FRANTIC WORLD OF HIS, MAKE OF YOU A PALE, BLOODLESS CREATURE OF THE NIGHT!

COME ON, BABE! DON'T LISTEN TO THAT SQUARE!

TO WHOM SHOULD LOUISE LISTEN? TO THE DRUMMER, WHOSE NAME WAS LEGEND IN THE WORLD OF RHYTHM SHE HAD COME TO WORSHIP? OR TO TED, WHO HAD SHOWED HER A KIND OF MUSIC THAT COULD FLOURISH OUTSIDE THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE CELLAR CLUBS?

I WAS A PIANIST AND A DEVOTE OF JAZZ WHILE STILL IN SCHOOL.

NOW, A NEW TREND OF RHYTHM THAT WENT BEYOND EVEN BE-BOP HAD CAUGHT MY INTEREST, AND ACQUAINTED ME WITH ITS CHIEF EXPONENTS --- THE HOT CATS!

CATS, YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR DRUMMER'S OWN COMPOSITION. JAGGLE RHYTHM. TAKE IT, DRUMMER. SHAKE IT!



I WATCHED THE SWAYING CROWD AT THE DRUMMER'S FEET, AND TRIED HARD TO "GET WITH IT", BUT IN VAIN. AS TED AKINS, THE BANDS ARRANGER STOPPED BY---

I TRY TO FEEL THE RHYTHM, TED, BUT SOMETHING KEEPS SAYING IT'S NOT MUSIC I'M HEARING!

THAT'S YOUR COMMON SENSE, LOUISE. I DID THE ARRANGEMENTS ON THIS PIECE WITH TONGUE-IN-CHEEK!



SWEETHEARTS

I KNEW TED WAS CONTEMPTUOUS OF WHAT HE CALLED THE DRUMMER'S "BOILER-PLATE RHYTHM" AND MADE THE ARRANGEMENTS ONLY BECAUSE IT WAS A JOB! BUT WHEN I LOOKED AT THE "GONE" CROWD---

MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE RHYTHM WE'RE NOT CAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING. LOOK AT THE OTHER CATS. THEY FEEL IT.

THEY'RE FULL OF POD, LOUISE. MARIJUANA! SO ARE DRUMMER AND THE BOYS! THEY'D SWING AND SWAY TO THE BLAST OF A RIVETING MACHINE!

I GUESS POD IS A PART OF ALL THIS, TED! MAYBE I'VE BEEN WRONG IN NOT ACCEPTING THAT!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'VE BEEN RIGHT! STAY AWAY FROM THAT POISON! YOU'LL BE BETTER OFF!

ALL THOSE STORIES ABOUT BEING HARMED BY MARIJUANA IS THE BUNK!

IT'S THE SAD TRUTH, LOUISE! AND IF YOU EVER TOUCH THE STUFF, YOU SHOULD BE SPANKED--- HARD!

I'D PILLED AWAY FROM HOME TO GET UP MY OWN APARTMENT BECAUSE OF TALK LIKE THAT, SO I IGNORED TED'S WARNING.

AND WHEN THE BAND HAD QUIT FOR THE NIGHT---

ME AND THE BOYS ARE HEADED FOR TAD'S PLACE TO JAM A LITTLE. COME WITH ME, BABE.

SURE, DRUMMER. SURE THING!

DON'T BE A FOOL, LOUISE! THE BOYS GET THEIR PODS FROM TAD'S JOINT!

LET GO OF MY ARM, MOTHER HUBBARD. I'M A BIG GIRL AND I'M TAKING CARE OF MYSELF FROM NOW ON!

EVEN AT TAD'S I COULDN'T GET IN WITH THE RHYTHM, AND WHEN I COMPLAINED TO DRUMMER, HE PUSHED A LIGHTED REEFER MY WAY, AND ---

DOLL-BABY, YOU'VE GOT TO GET WITH THE POD FIRST! HERE, THIS'LL MAKE A HEP CAT OUT OF YOU.

ALL RIGHT, DRUMMER. I GUESS A PUFF OR TWO WON'T KILL ME.

THAT'S IT, DOLL. DRAW IN A BIG MOUTHFUL AND HOLD IT IN YOUR LUNGS FOR A FEW SECONDS. IT'LL GET YOUR DANCING FEET ON THE GLORY ROAD!



SWEETHEARTS

I DREW ON THE REEFER AND HELD TIGHT, WHILE THE SMOKE SCRATCHED MY LUNGS LIKE TINY, SCAMPERING FEET. THEN, I FELT THE LIGHTNESS AND THE STRIDENT CHORDS FROM THE BAND SUDDENLY BECAME LIKE THE GOLDEN TONES FROM A SINGING HARP!



I WANT TO SIT DOWN AT THE PIANO. I FEEL LIKE I WANT TO PLAY THE NIGHT AWAY.



IT SEEMED LIKE ALL THE MUSIC IN THE WORLD WAS RESTING IN MY FINGERTIPS THAT NIGHT! AND THE MORE I GAVE AWAY, THE MORE THERE WAS LEFT TO PLAY.

GIVE IT OUT, DOLL! GIVE IT OUT, MAN, LISTEN TO THAT LADY PLAY!



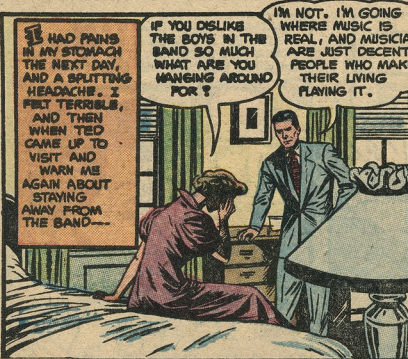
DOLL, THE BAND NEEDS A NEW PIANO PLAYER AND YOU'RE RIGHT FOR THE JOB. WHAT D'YOU SAY?



I HAD PAINS IN MY STOMACH THE NEXT DAY, AND A SPUTTING HEADACHE. I FELT TERRIBLE, AND THEN TED CAME UP TO VISIT AND WARN ME AGAIN ABOUT STAYING AWAY FROM THE BAND—

IF YOU DISLIKE THE BOYS IN THE BAND SO MUCH, WHAT ARE YOU HANGING AROUND FOR?

I'M NOT. I'M GOING WHERE MUSIC IS REAL, AND MUSICIANS ARE JUST DECENT PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEIR LIVING PLAYING IT.



THEN GET GOING. NO ONE'S GOING TO MISS YOU! ME, THE LEAST OF ALL!

GOODBYE, LOUISE. IF YOU EVER NEED ME, I'LL BE AROUND.

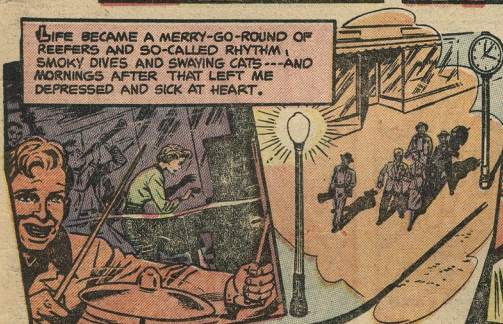


SWEETHEARTS

SO I BEGAN TO PLAY WITH THE BAND, AND AFTER HOURS GO OUT WITH THE DRUMMER. THOUGH WE NEVER TALKED MUCH ABOUT IT, WE TOOK IT FOR GRANTED WE WERE IN LOVE!

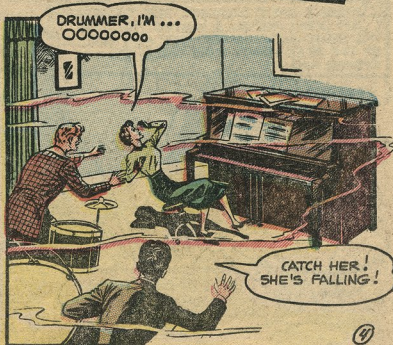
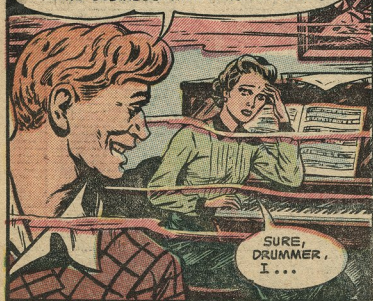


LIFE BECAME A MERRY-GO-ROUND OF REEFERS AND SO-CALLED RHYTHM, SMOKY DIVES AND SWAYING CATS ---AND MORNINGS AFTER THAT LEFT ME DEPRESSED AND SICK AT HEART.



THOSE SICK DAYS AND FRENETIC NIGHTS TOLD ME I WAS HEADED FOR A FALL. IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT AT TAD'S. I WAS FEELING HORRIBLE---

BABE, THE BAND'S GOT A GOOD OUT-OF-TOWN OFFER! WHAT SAY WE GET HITCHED AND COMBINE BUSINESS WITH A HONEYMOON?



SWEETHEARTS



I REMAINED THERE ALL DAY AND FELL INTO A TROUBLED SLEEP IN THE LATE AFTERNOON. WHEN I AWOK, IT WAS DARK IN MY ROOM. I LOOKED AT THE WALLS. THEY SEEMED TO BE MARCHING IN AGAINST ME.

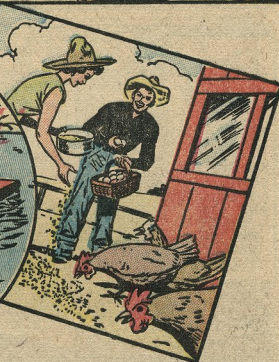
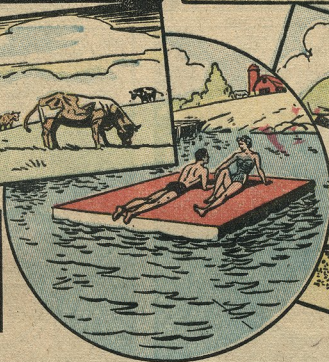
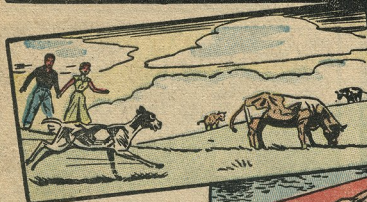
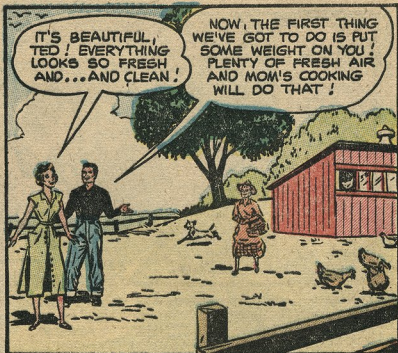
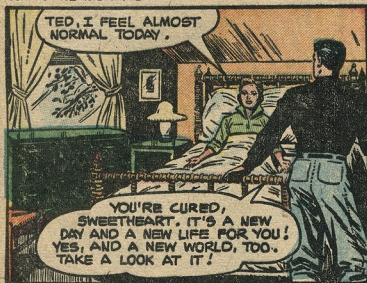


AFTER I SENT DRUMMER THE TELEGRAM I LAID DOWN AGAIN. I WAITED THROUGH THE NIGHT AND THE NEXT DAY AND PART OF THE NEXT NIGHT. THEN THE DOOR OPENED AND ---

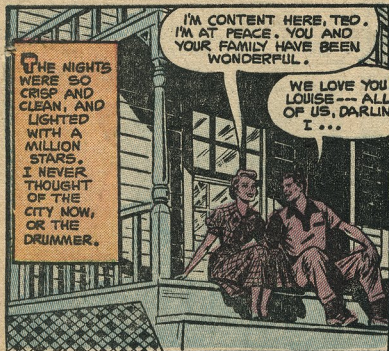


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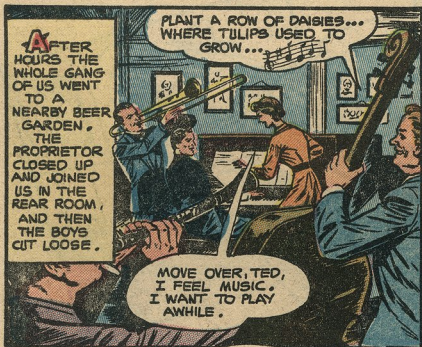
THE NEXT FEW DAYS WERE LIKE A BAD DREAM. THE PAINS CONTINUED AND MY THROAT WAS ALWAYS DRY. TED'S FAMILY HELPED ALL THEY COULD AND TED HIMSELF WAS ALWAYS THERE TO COMFORT ME. THEN, ONE MORNING ---



THE GOLDEN DAYS DRIFTED SWIFTLY BY AND SOON I BEGAN TO ENJOY A HEALTH AND HAPPINESS I'D NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE.



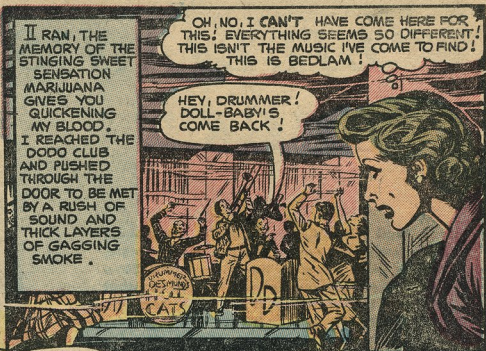
SWEETHEARTS



SWEETHEARTS



I'VE TRIED TO SHOW YOU THAT MUSIC AND A DECENT, NORMAL LIFE CAN GO TOGETHER, THAT THE WEIRD CHARACTERS AND THE REEFER ADDICTS OF THE CELLAR CLUBS---AREN'T REALLY A PART OF THE WORLD OF MUSIC! BUT I SEE I'VE FAILED!



I RAN, THE MEMORY OF THE STINGING SWEET SENSATION MARIJUANA GIVES YOU QUICKENING MY BLOOD. I REACHED THE DODO CLUB AND PUSHED THROUGH THE DOOR TO BE MET BY A RUSH OF SOUND AND THICK LAYERS OF GAGGING SMOKE.

OH, NO, I CAN'T HAVE COME HERE FOR THIS! EVERYTHING SEEMS SO DIFFERENT! THIS ISN'T THE MUSIC I'VE COME TO FIND! THIS IS BEDLAM!

HEY, DRUMMER! DOLL-BABY'S COME BACK!



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY TO THINK I BELONG WITH THIS CROWD! AND THE SOUND OF THAT CLATTER!

WAIT, BABY. WAIT FOR ME!

I DIDN'T EVEN BID THE DRUMMER GOODBYE. INSTEAD, I AVOIDED HIM AND CAUGHT THE BUS THAT WOULD DROP ME BY THE FARM! WHEN I ARRIVED, I SAW TED PREPARING TO LEAVE!



TED! TED!

LOUISE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE WITH THE DRUMMER!



THE DRUMMER ISN'T FOR ME---AND NEITHER IS THE WORLD HE LIVES IN---OR THE "BOILER-PLATE RHYTHM" HE CALLS MUSIC! I WAS A FOOL, TED! FORGIVE ME!



I GUESS THERE'S REALLY NOTHING TO FORGIVE---IF YOU REALLY MEAN WHAT YOU SAY, DEAR.

YOU'RE GOING AWAY, TED. TAKE ME WITH YOU. WE'LL MAKE A GREAT TEAM---OF REAL MUSICIANS!



YES, I GUESS YOU REALLY DO MEAN IT!

“LILLIAN’S LUCK”



I think that Guggenheimer's Department Store is about the nicest place in our city, state, country — or even in the entire world. Now I know there are people who will tell you that Old Man Guggenheimer is a cranky man who hates the sight of people but loves their money. It just isn't true, and you can take my word for it. For I, Lillian Gibbons, would never tell a lie. I remember what my father used to tell me when I was a little girl.

"No matter how much you will suffer, always tell the truth. If you tell one lie, then you must build up a bridge of lies, and your creation will collapse and destroy you."

My father died when I was fourteen years old, and I had to work in the afternoons in order to finish school and help Ma. Dear Ma; she never had an easy life.

"You really should go to college, Lillian," she would tell me. "If you want advancement in this world, you must be an educated person."

Ma was right. But then I had the simple answer to all that she would say.

"We have to pay the landlord, the grocer, the butcher, the electric company, the telephone company, the vegetable man, the doctor, the dentist, the owner of the shoe store and lots of other people. They want money. Without money we just can't live."

So, when I graduated, I applied for a full-time position at Guggenheimer's Department Store. It almost sounds incredible, but the Old Man insisted on interviewing all his help.

"Good policy to know all my employees," he would insist. "I want only honest and courteous people working for me."

I started in as a stock girl in the Fur Department, and I was very happy with my work. Often in the back room I would put on an expensive mink coat and look at myself in the mirror and dream. One day I merely let my thoughts express themselves out loud.

"Lillian, some day you will meet a millionaire. If you wore such a coat, he would be impressed. But you won't have the coat, so you won't get the millionaire. Lillian's luck! So, you will settle for some nice guy who will never make more than seventy-five dollars a week. You'll scrub floors, darn his socks, cook his

meals and have three children. But you will be happy — you hope."

Suddenly I heard someone laugh, and I turned around in a hurry. At the same time, I started to take the coat off.

"Keep it on," said a young man. He was tall, well built, with jet black hair. And he was young — I would say about twenty-two at the most.

"You are not allowed here," I chided him. "This is the stock room, and only employees are permitted back here."

He handed me a red slip, which meant he had just been employed.

"My name is Fred Silvester," he announced, "and I am also going to take care of stock. What's your name?"

"Lillian Gibbons," I replied, "and the sooner I replace this coat the better. Mr. Waldorf, who is Assistant Buyer, doesn't like the help to try on coats."

There was a cafeteria in the store where you could buy a good meal at cost. I sat down at a table and — who should come up???

"May I sit down and keep you company?," asked my new co-worker.

"No law against it, Mr. Silvester."

"You might as well call me Fred," he replied, "because you are eventually going to do it."

"Then sit down, Fred," I replied with a smile. "I guess that means you want to call me Lillian, but please don't call me Lillie for short."

Everything was fine for the next two weeks. And then it happened. I was lifting some boxes,

SWEETHEARTS

and some dirt got on my nose. Fred took out his handkerchief and brushed away the dirt.

"Close your eyes for one second," he said, "I think there is some dirt over your eyelids."

And, like a fool, I fell for it. A second later he had me in his arms and was kissing me. I struggled, and he let go. Then with my right hand I smacked him. You could see the imprint of my fingers on his cheek.

"You fool," he snarled, "I ought to spank you. Hitting me for nothing at all."

"Nothing at all," I snapped back. "You kiss me and think it is nothing at all. I believe you should kiss a girl when you feel you love her, when she loves you, and you both are serious." And then I don't know how, but the words just went past my lips. "Are you serious, Fred?"

"Heaven's sakes, no," he sort of shot back at me. "It was just in fun."

Up went my hand, and I smacked him again. Believe me, I was furious.

"What kind of a girl do you think I am?," I demanded. "Either you quit or I quit."

I went home mad that evening and could hardly eat my supper.

"Is something wrong?" asked my mother.

I was about to answer in the affirmative, when the bell rang. Mother answered, and there was Fred Silvester with flowers in one hand and a box of candy in the other.

"Peace offerings," he said as he placed the flowers and candy on the table. "I'm terribly ashamed of the way I acted."

"You should be," I replied. "And to tell you the truth I feel like telling you to get out. I can hardly eat my supper."

"I haven't eaten supper yet," he told me. "I felt all upset the way I acted. If you say so, I'll quit my job."

"Suppose you pull up a chair and eat supper with us," my mother suggested, "and maybe I can figure out what happened."

And that is how it all started. We saw a lot of each other for the next two months. Fred would take me to movies and even some shows.

You shouldn't spend so much money on me," I would protest. But he always had a good answer.

"I get passes from my friends. Got a couple of contacts here and there."

And when he kissed me and held me in his arms, he knew my response would be different than the first time he kissed me. Our lips met and were together. I could feel my heart race madly as he said to me the words every girl wants to hear.

"You can pick out the engagement ring."

"I'll settle for a small one," I told him, "even though in my dreams I want a big rock. We'll have to get a lot of things to furnish the apartment when we get married."

"Let's have a special celebration Saturday

night," he said. Then, to my surprise, he added, "Maybe I can get Mr. Waldorf to let you wear one of the mink coats. We will go to the town's best night club."

I thought he was kidding, but on Saturday night he showed me a clearance card for a mink coat, number 2376, with a price tag of \$7500 on it. The coat was wrapped, and we took it to my home. I changed into an evening gown. Fred had with him a valise, and in it was a Tuxedo. He went into the bathroom and changed clothes. When we were ready to leave, my mother had but one comment to make.

"I'm so happy for both of you."

There was a table reserved for us, and the evening went very quickly. But when I presented my check at the cloak room, I was given an old cloth coat.

"There's a mistake," I told the girl. She, in turn, got the manager, and Fred came up to me.

"This looks like a racket," said Fred to the man. "I ought to call the cops."

"Go ahead," snapped back the manager, "and I'll sue you for false arrest."

Nothing happened, and Fred took me home. I could see he was worried.

"It will work out right," I told him. "I will see you on Monday at the store."

I didn't sleep at all. And I became worried a lot when I didn't hear from Fred. Monday I went to work late and saw Mr. Guggenheimer in his private office. I told him the truth and what had happened. Then I handed him my savings bank book.

"My father left an insurance policy of three-thousand dollars for me. When I got married, the money was to furnish the home. You can have all of it. I'll work extra and make more money to repay for that coat. Please don't do anything to Fred Silvester."

The Old Man looked at me and then smiled. He got up from his chair and planted a kiss on my forehead.

"Fred is my nephew," he said. "He inherits this store when I die. I wasn't exactly thrilled when he told me he was going out with a stock girl, but you are the real stuff. You'll make a wonderful wife. We recovered the coat with the aid of the Police Commissioner. I think I ought to tell him about this."

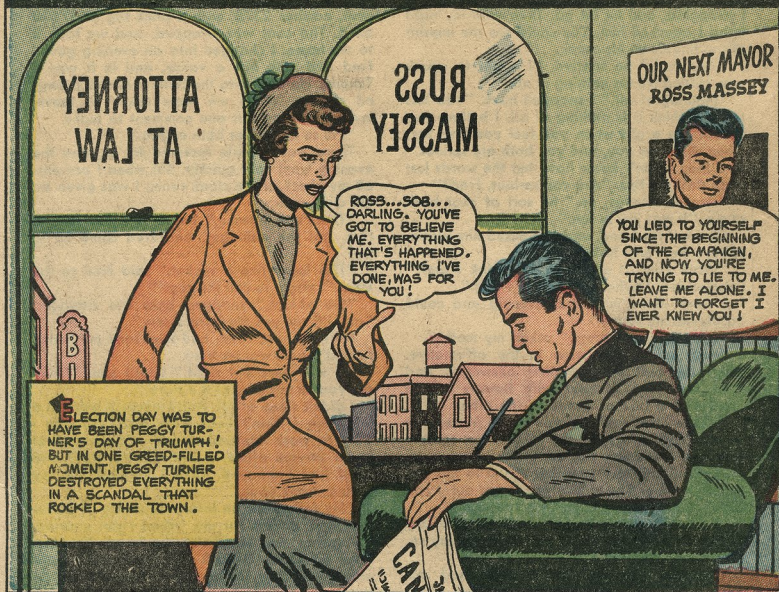
"Please don't," I pleaded, "because I thought yesterday that maybe he had forged Mr. Waldorf's name to use the coat."

"I'll keep that secret," replied Mr. Guggenheimer, "only if you take the coat as my wedding present."

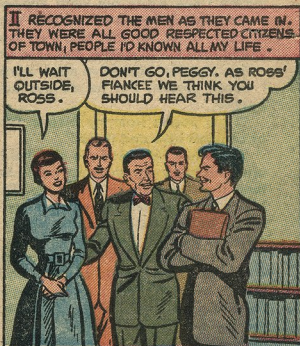
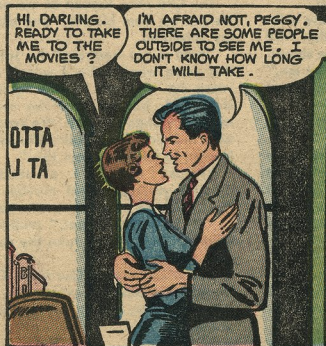
See what I mean? Our store, Guggenheimer's Department Store, is about the nicest place in our city, state, country — or even in the entire world.

The End

CANDIDATE'S GIRL



EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT AFTER WORK, I'D PICK ROSS UP AT HIS OFFICE AND WE'D GO TO THE MOVIES AND DREAM IN THE BALCONY OF THAT WONDERFUL DAY WHEN OUR ENGAGEMENT FINALLY BLOSSOMED INTO MARRIAGE.



SWEETHEARTS



SWEETHEARTS



THE NEXT DAY, ROSS TOLD MR. CARVER THAT HE WOULD ACCEPT THE NOMINATION. I WAS THE PROUDEST WOMAN IN THE WHOLE WORLD.

Milford Free Press

ROSS MASSEY ENTERS MAYORALTY RACE

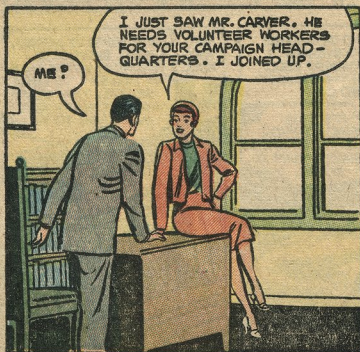
LOCAL ATTORNEY
ENTERS POLITICS



PEACE PAPER
IN KIRK BO WEN

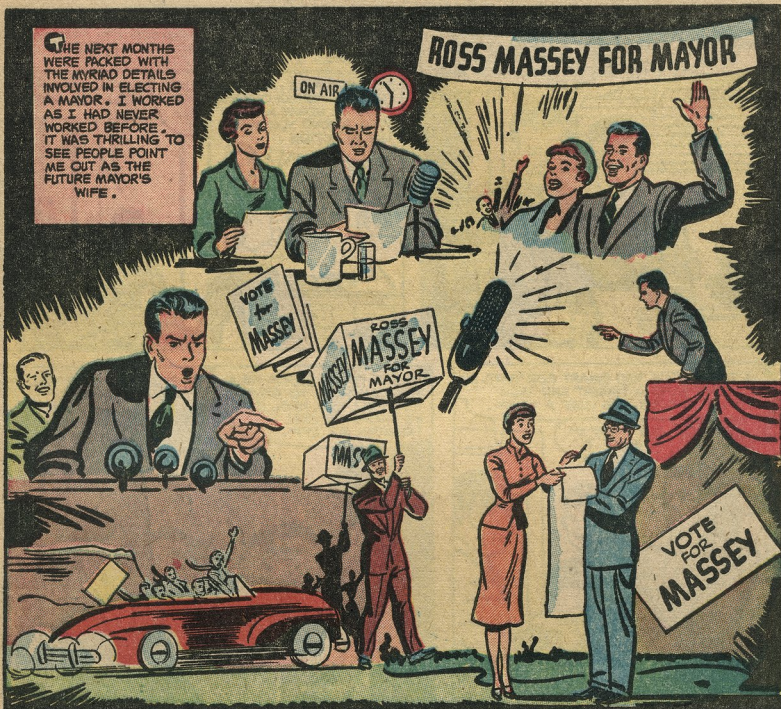
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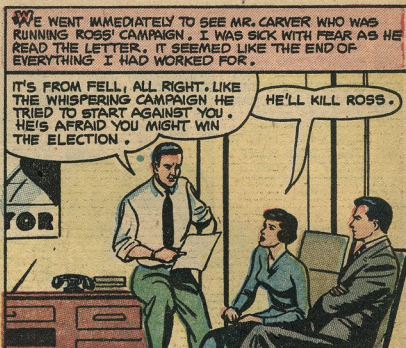


SWEETHEARTS

THE NEXT MONTHS WERE PACKED WITH THE MYRIAD DETAILS INVOLVED IN ELECTING A MAYOR. I WORKED AS I HAD NEVER WORKED BEFORE. IT WAS THRILLING TO SEE PEOPLE POINT ME OUT AS THE FUTURE MAYOR'S WIFE.



SWEETHEARTS



SWEETHEARTS

I HAD NO TROUBLE FINDING NICK FELL'S GARISH MANSION. EVERYONE KNEW WHERE HE LIVED. MY HEART WAS POUNDING AS I KNOCKED ON THE DOOR.

I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. FELL, PLEASE.

WAIT HERE, SISTER. I'LL SEE IF THE BOSS IS AROUND.



HELLO, MR. FELL.

WELL, WELL. THE FUTURE MAYOR'S WIFE IN THE FLESH. DO COME IN.



NOW SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME TO WHAT I OWE THE HONOR OF YOUR VISIT.

IT'S ABOUT THE THREATENING LETTER YOU SENT MR. MASSEY, MY FIANCE.



I'M AFRAID I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, MISS TURNER.

YOU THREATENED TO KILL ROSS. I'VE COME TO PLEAD WITH YOU, MR. FELL. I'LL PROMISE ANYTHING ONLY DON'T HURT ROSS.



KEEP TALKING. DOES YOUR BOY-FRIEND KNOW ABOUT YOUR COMING HERE?

ER...YES, OF COURSE. IF YOU LET ROSS ALONE, IF HE WINS THE ELECTION, I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT HE WON'T INTERFERE WITH ANY OF YOUR... BUSINESSES.



HOW DO I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU?

I'LL BE HIS WIFE. HE'LL LISTEN TO ME. I SWEAR TO YOU.

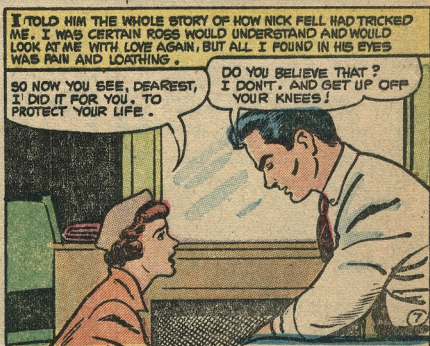


YOU GOT YOURSELF A DEAL. SHALL WE SHAKE ON IT?

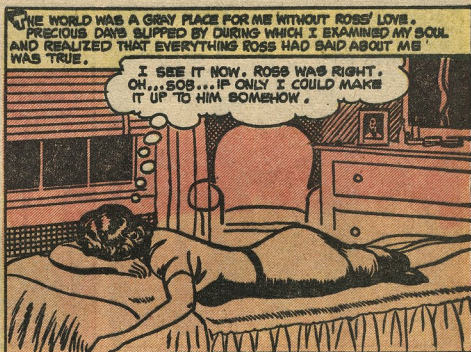
YES...OF COURSE.



SWEETHEARTS



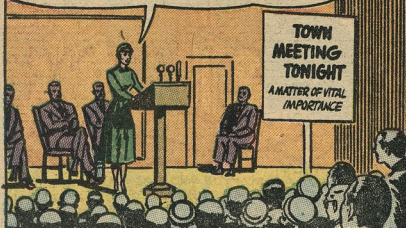
SWEETHEARTS



SWEETHEARTS

IT MUST HAVE BEEN CURIOSITY THAT MADE THE WHOLE TOWN TURN OUT FOR THE RALLY, SINCE THERE WAS NO EXPLANATION ON THE POSTERS MR. CARVER DISTRIBUTED. I GRIPPED THE ROSTRUM TIGHTLY AND BEGAN.

FRIENDS, I'VE COME TO TELL YOU THE TRUE STORY OF HOW A FOOLISH GIRL WRECKED THE CAREER OF THE FINEST MAN IN THIS TOWN...



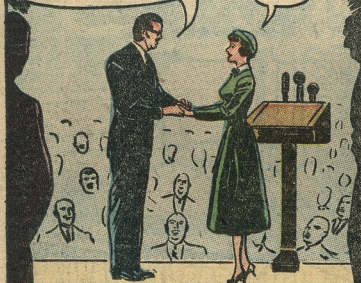
AS I SPOKE, IT FELT AS IF A CLEAN WIND WERE PASSING OVER ME. I COULD TELL BY THE SILENCE THAT THEY BELIEVED MY STORY. NO MATTER WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF ME, ROSS WAS SAVED.

CONDEMN ME FOR GREED AND STUPIDITY BUT DON'T CONDEMN ROSS MASSEY. HE IS STILL THE MAN YOU SHOULD VOTE FOR ON ELECTION DAY.



BLESS YOU FOR THIS, PEGGY. IT TOOK GREAT COURAGE. ROSS WILL DEFINITELY BE MAYOR NOW.

OH, I HOPE SO!



AND THEN THE ONE THING I DIDN'T DARE DREAM OF, HAPPENED. ROSS WAS SUDDENLY THERE, HIS STRONG ARMS CLAIMING ME ONCE MORE!

PEGGY, DEAREST! I HEARD THE WHOLE THING ON THE RADIO!

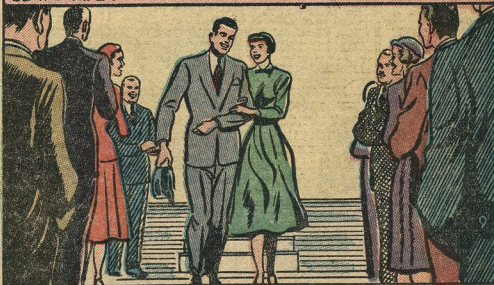
ROSS!



MY BRAVE DARLING. I LOVE YOU MORE THAN EVER.



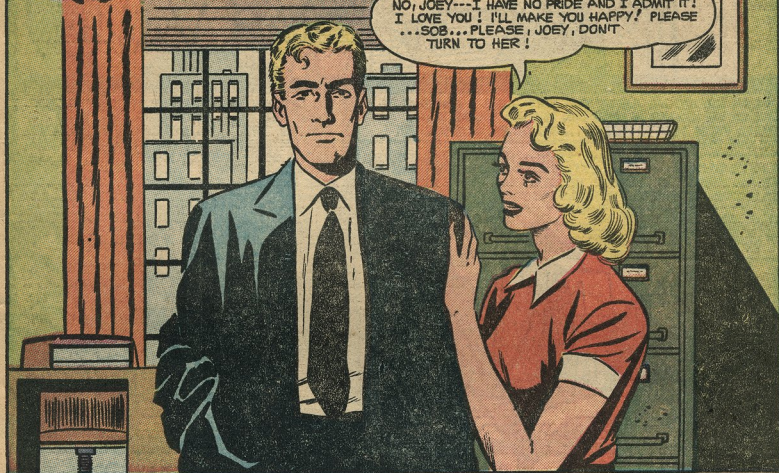
IT HAD COME HOME AT LAST TO THE ONE PLACE I BELONGED. AT ROSS' SIDE. WHETHER OR NOT ROSS BECAME MAYOR SEEMED UNIMPORTANT AT THAT MOMENT. MY ONLY AMBITION WAS TO BE HIS WIFE.



I'M NOT A GUY, AS IN THE STORIES YOU HEAR, WHO WAS A SOCIAL CLIMBER, AN OPPORTUNIST. I DIDN'T PLAN WHAT HAPPENED. IT JUST CAME MY WAY---AND SUDDENLY, I WAS STARRING A MILLION DOLLARS RIGHT IN THE FACE! THE KIND OF LIFE THAT WAS EVEN TOO STEEP A DREAM FOR ME. BUT I WENT ALONG WITH IT UNTIL THE DAY I WAS TO BECOME...

The Bridegroom

NO, JOEY---I HAVE NO PRIDE AND I ADMIT IT! I LOVE YOU! I'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY! PLEASE...SOB...PLEASE, JOEY, DON'T TURN TO HER!



THE BLACK LIMOUSINE PULLED THROUGH THE GATHERING THROG OUTSIDE THE CHURCH AND I NERVOUSLY ADJUSTED MY COAT AND TAILS.

MY WEDDING WAS TO BE A BIG SOCIAL AFFAIR---A BIG EVENT FOR ANY GUY, BUT FOR SOMEONE LIKE ME---IT LOOKED LIKE A HOLLYWOOD PRODUCTION!

THIS IS THE WAY IT WILL BE FOR ME FROM NOW ON. IN ANOTHER MONTH---OR A YEAR AT MOST---THE OTHER LIFE I'VE KNOWN WILL DROP AWAY AS THOUGH IT NEVER EXISTED!



UPSTAIRS, IN ONE OF THE ROOMS, I ADJUSTED MY SUIT IN A FULL LENGTH MIRROR AND AWAITED THE SIGNAL FOR THE STARTING OF THE CEREMONY. I WHISPERED AT MY REFLECTION!

IT'S REALLY HAPPENING! THIS LAVISH WEDDING---AND I'M THE BRIDEGROOM!



SWEETHEARTS

THE MIRROR IMAGE DISSOLVED TO ANOTHER MOMENT, MANY MONTHS AGO. I WAS WEARING TAILS THEN, TOO, AND STANDING BEFORE THE MIRROR IN BACK OF THE SMALL DRY CLEANING STORE I OPERATED WITH SYLVIA!

WELL--- JUST LOOK, AT HIM!

UH-UH! I SLIPPED INTO A CUSTOMER'S FORMAL OUTFIT JUST TO SEE WHAT I'D LOOK LIKE! YOU WOULD CATCH ME! I FEEL LIKE A KID CAUGHT IN A COOKIE JAR!



YOU LOOK SO HANDSOME, JOEY! I'M LUCKY! ONE OF THESE DAYS SOON, YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY BRIDEGROOM!



SYLVIA KIDDED ME ABOUT THE SUIT---AND I LOVED IT. I GUESS WE KIDDED A LOT EVEN THOUGH THINGS WERE GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE...THE STORE SLIPPING OUT OF OUR FINGERS.

I DON'T KNOW... IT SEEMED LIKE SUCH A MODEST DREAM---THIS LITTLE CLEANING AND DYEING STORE, MARRIAGE; A SMALL HOME OF OUR OWN! BUT BUSINESS IS BRUTAL! HOW CAN WE EVER HAVE THOSE THINGS?



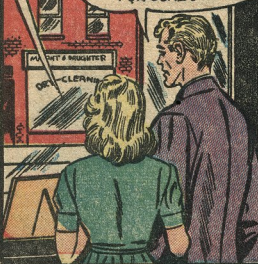
YOU LETTING 'EM COUNT YOU OUT BEFORE THE FIGHT'S OVER? YOU'VE BEEN OVER-TRAINED, CHAPPY! BUCK UP, HONEY, I---

THEY'RE PUTTING UP THE SIGN OVER THAT NEW STORE OPENING ACROSS THE STREET. WONDER WHAT IT IS.



MARGANT & DAUGHTER! IT'S ONE OF THOSE CLEANING AND DYEING CHAINS!

THAT DOES IT! WE'RE FINISHED NOW FOR SURE!



THIS IS WHAT I PLANNED AND SWEATED IT OUT FOR--- SEVERAL YEARS IN THE SERVICE! INVESTED OUR LAST DOLLAR SAVED!

WE'LL MAKE OUT, HONEY---YOU'LL SEE! WE JUST CAN'T MISS! I FEEL IT IN MY SKINNY BONES!



YOU'RE A SWEET, INCORRIGIBLE THING! I LOVE YOU!

UMMMM...



SWEETHEARTS

THERE WAS JUST NO HOLDING HER BACK. I FIGURED MYSELF A LUCKY GUY TO HAVE A GIRL LIKE SYLVIA. I REMEMBER THE WAY SHE BARGED IN TO TELL ME SHE HAD A JOB THE NEXT DAY!

OH, HI, HON! I'M JUST CLOSING UP. WHERE YOU BEEN ALL DAY? I'VE MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO SELL THE PLACE.

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THE OPPOSITION--- JOIN 'EM! I GOT ME A JOB WORKING IN PERSONNEL FOR MARGANT AND DAUGHTER AT THEIR MAIN PLANT!

THERE'S A SPOT OPEN FOR A TRUCK DISPATCHER! I'LL HIRE YOU FOR IT! WE'LL PRETEND WE'RE NOT ENGAGED, AT LEAST FOR AWHILE. THEN, IT CAN HAPPEN RIGHT IN THE PLANT! I'LL HAVE THE THRILL OF A SECOND ENGAGEMENT!

YEAH--- SYLVIA WAS QUITE A KID, SO, I TOOK THE JOB. I FIGURED TO SAVE MONEY AND GET A START ONE DAY IN ANOTHER SMALL BUSINESS! BUT LIFE HAS A FUNNY WAY OF PLAYING TRICKS... AND ONE MONDAY, ABOUT THREE IN THE AFTERNOON...

UH-OH! TROUBLE! HERE COMES LAURA MARGANT HERSELF! WHAT A SLEEK, ATTRACTIVE DISH SHE IS!

THEY SAY IT'S SHE WHO RUNS THE PLACE---AND NOT HER OLD MAN! WONDER WHAT SHE WANTS?

I'LL NEED A CAR TO DRIVE ME OVER TO MY GARAGE SO I CAN PICK UP MY OWN! IT'S HAD REPAIRS!

I'LL GET THE FIRST TRUCKER TO COME OFF HIS ROUTE TO DRIVE YOU IN THE INSPECTION VEHICLE, MISS MARGANT.

I---I THINK PERHAPS YOU OUGHT TO DRIVE ME THERE YOURSELF, MR. UH---

JOEY SEIDEN, MISS MARGANT. OKAY---IF YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO TAKE OFF NOW, I'LL DRIVE YOU.

LAURA MARGANT GAVE ME A LONG LOOK! IT WAS AN EXPRESSION I WASN'T UNACCUSTOMED TO FROM WOMEN. I WAS TALL AND IN GOOD CONDITION, AND A DARK TAN ALWAYS MADE MY BLOND HAIR SEEM ALMOST WHITE. AT THE GARAGE SOMETIME LATER---

GUESS I'LL BE GETTING BACK NOW. THE MECHANIC SAID YOU'D HAVE TO WAIT ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES FOR YOUR CAR!

DON'T RUSH OFF. I'LL BE BORED JUST WAITING. COME---WE'LL HAVE SOME COFFEE ACROSS THE STREET IN THAT LUNCHEONETTE.

SWEETHEARTS

WE TALKED QUITE A LOT...AND SHE ENCOURAGED ME TO TELL HER ALL ABOUT MYSELF. HER EYES NEVER LEFT ME AS I SPOKE.

AFTER I CLOSED MY OWN SMALL DRY CLEANING STORE, I WENT TO WORK FOR YOUR OUTFIT. I GUESS THAT'S ABOUT MY WHOLE STORY.

SO YOU OWNED YOUR OWN PLACE! YOU MUST REALLY KNOW THE BUSINESS. SAY--- WHY DON'T YOU JOIN ME FOR DINNER AT MY PLACE THIS EVENING? OF COURSE, YOU'LL WANT TO CHANGE AND---

PRESTO! DOWN WITH THE ZIPPERED COVERALLS AND I'VE GOT A SUIT ON!

PREPARED FOR ALL EMERGENCIES AREN'T YOU? I LIKE MEN LIKE THAT!

SHE HAD SOME FRIENDS OVER TO HER ELEGANT PLACE---AND I KIND OF STOOD OUT AMONG THE REST.

AFTER DINNER WE DANCED, BECAME REAL FRIENDLY!

YOU DANCE WELL, TOO! I MUST SAY I'M IMPRESSED.

I'VE MISSED THE DATE I HAD WITH SYLVIA TONIGHT. BUT SHE'LL UNDERSTAND I COULDN'T TURN MISS MARGANT DOWN.

JOEY---I'VE JUST DECIDED SOMETHING. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A NEW JOB, STORE SURVEY WORK. YOU ARE TO CHECK THE CHAIN OUTLETS ON SERVICE...REPORT TO ME! IF IT WORKS OUT---YOU MIGHT BECOME A STORE DIRECTOR!

SAY---THAT'S GREAT!

WHEN I GOT BACK THAT NIGHT, SYLVIA WAS WAITING. I TOLD HER WHAT HAD HAPPENED, AND---

AND DID SHE GIVE ME A BREAK! IT'S JUST WHAT WE NEEDED, MONEY!

IT'S WONDERFUL NEWS! BUT I'M A LITTLE JEALOUS...I WOULDN'T BLAME LAURA MARGANT FOR FALLING FOR YOU!

YOU'RE PREJUDICED, BABY-DOLL! I'M NOT IN THE SAME LEAGUE WITH THAT LAURA MARGANT!

SWEETHEARTS

I LIKED THE JOB AND IT SEEMED TO BE WORKING OUT. I DINED OFTEN WITH LAURA, SPENT LOTS OF TIME WITH HER AT HER HOME OR IN THE OFFICE.

UH-HUH! GOOD! YOU'VE BEEN DOING A FINE JOB, JOEY. DROP OVER TO MY PLACE THIS EVENING AND CHECK ME ON THE REST OF THE FIGURES. I'VE GOT TO LEAVE HURRIEDLY NOW!

RIGHT, LAURA---I'LL BE THERE!



HERE---UH--- ARE THE PAPERS YOU ASKED FOR, MISS MARGANT.

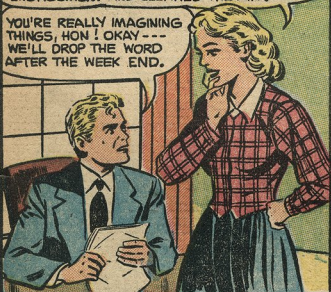
LEAVE THEM ON MY DESK. THAT'S IT.

DON'T FORGET ABOUT TONIGHT, JOEY.



I FEEL BADLY ABOUT LAURA, JOEY. I BELIEVE SHE'S REALLY FALLING IN LOVE WITH YOU! I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE ANNOUNCED OUR ENGAGEMENT AND CLEARED THE AIR!

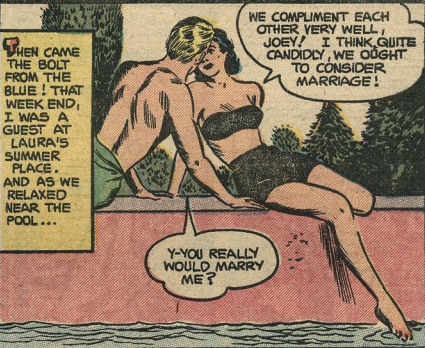
YOU'RE REALLY IMAGINING THINGS, HON! OKAY--- WE'LL DROP THE WORD AFTER THE WEEK END.



WHEN CAME THE BOLT FROM THE BLUE! THAT WEEK END, I WAS A GUEST AT LAURA'S SUMMER PLACE. AND AS WE RELAXED NEAR THE POOL...

WE COMPLIMENT EACH OTHER VERY WELL, JOEY! I THINK, QUITE CANDIDLY, WE OUGHT TO CONSIDER MARRIAGE!

Y-YOU REALLY WOULD MARRY ME?



YES, JOEY, I DO WANT TO! HOLD ME!

ALL THIS LUXURY CAN BE MINE FOR LIFE! I'D BE OUT OF THE RAT-RACE COMPLETELY!



IT WAS A BIG THING FOR ANY GUY! FOR ME, IT COMPLETELY BOWLED ME OVER. I FOUND MYSELF GOING ALONG WITH IT, EVEN FACING HER DISTINGUISHED, SOLEMN-FACED FATHER.

JOEY AND I ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED, FATHER. WE JUST DECIDED IT TEN MINUTES AGO.

HE'S SKEPTICAL, THINKS I DON'T FIT IN WITH THEIR KIND OF PEOPLE!



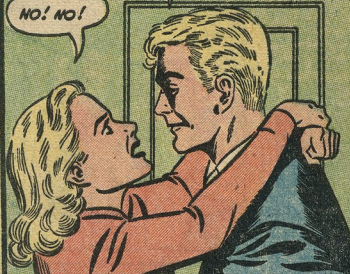
SWEETHEARTS

BACK IN THE OFFICE, THAT MONDAY, SYLVIA CAME TO ME, FLUNG HER ARMS AROUND MY NECK.

IT WAS THE DAY WE WERE TO ANNOUNCE OUR ENGAGEMENT. THEN---I TOLD HER THE NEWS!

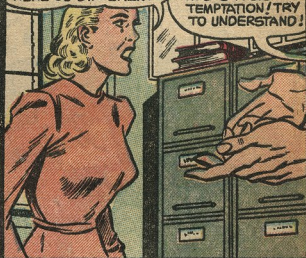
SYLVIA ---I--- I'M GOING TO MARRY LAURA!

NO! NO!



SO---YOU'RE SELLING YOUR SOUL! TRADING YOUR MANHOOD TO BE TIED TO HER LEASH! AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE SO DIFFERENT!

LOOK, SYLVIA---I NEVER HAD ANYTHING. SEE WHAT'S OFFERED ME. I'M NO SAINT. THIS IS A BIG TEMPTATION! TRY TO UNDERSTAND!



SHE HAD TRIED TO AROUSE ME---BUT MY RESPONSE OF QUIET, DEAD EARNESTNESS THREW HER OFF COMPLETELY. SHE BROKE DOWN, BEGGED, PLEADED...AS I LOOKED NUMBLY ON.

...SOB...OH, JOEY...SOB...



OH, JOEY---I LOVE YOU! PLEASE---STAY WITH ME; I'LL MAKE YOU HAPPY!



SHE WALKED OUT CRUSHED, HOPELESS. I FELT SICK INSIDE...BUT SOMEHOW I COULDN'T MAKE A MOVE. THE CHORD ON THE ORGAN SOUNDED THE SIGNAL! IT SNAPPED ME FROM MY REVERIE!

IT WILL ALL START IN A MOMENT! I'LL BE LAURA'S HUSBAND! I---I THOUGHT I'D RESIGNED MYSELF TO LOSING SYLVIA! BUT I KNOW NOW, I HAVEN'T!



I---I'VE GOT TO SEE LAURA---AT LEAST TELL HER THE TRUTH OF WHAT I FEEL!



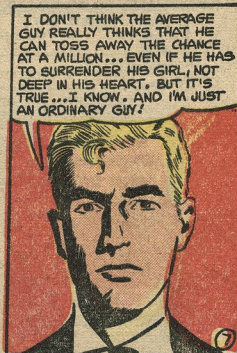
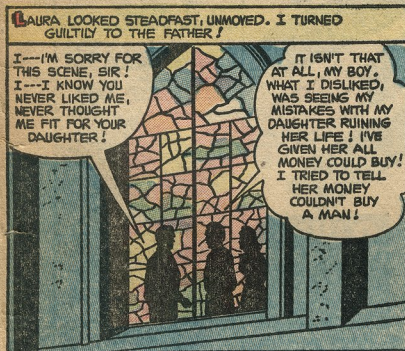
A POWER GREATER THAN MYSELF PULLED ME OUT INTO THE HALL---AND DOWN TOWARD THE ROOM WHERE I KNEW LAURA WAS.

BUT IT'S BAD LUCK FOR THE BRIDEGROOM TO SEE HIS BRIDE BEFORE THE WEDDING!

PLEASE, LADIES---CLEAR THE ROOM FOR A MOMENT! SOMETIMES LIFE CANNOT AFFORD TO PAMPER SUPERSTITIONS!



SWEETHEARTS



YES, RIGHT FROM DETROIT!

FROM THE AUTO CAPITOL OF THE WORLD
TO YOU . . . COMES THIS AMAZING

MOTORCADE BARGAIN

50 CARS \$1 FOR

REPAIR TRUCKS
HIGHWAY VANS
DELIVERY TRUCKS
U. S. ARMY PLANES
STREAMLINE TROLLEYS

NOWHERE IN LILLIPUT did Gulliver ever see anything like this! This AMAZING MOTORCADE BARGAIN includes FIFTY miniature motor cars: true three-dimensional scale models of streamline trolleys, highway vans, delivery trucks, repair service cars, and U.S. Army planes. They're wonderfully realistic, and made of durable, colorful plastic! Each car is an AUTHENTIC SOUVENIR of the motor capital of the world! Fifty cars give you plenty to use for all sorts of action games, exhibits, crafts and teaching projects. Ever so handy for all sorts of scout projects, school and club activities. Yes, you can even SWAP and TRADE A FEW for anything you like, and have plenty left over for months and months of fun and accomplishment!

YOUNG PRODUCTS, DEPT.

2605 Elmhurst, Detroit 6, Mich.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY IF YOU ORDER NOW!

YOUNG PRODUCTS, DEPT.

2605 Elmhurst, Detroit 6, Mich.

Please Rush Sets of Cars at \$1.00 each to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

We Pay Postage Send Check, Cash or Money Order. Your Order Rushed!



REALISTIC ACCESSORIES for your model train set-up!



Make wall panoramas with magazine picture background and highway foreground



Start your own collection of miniatures: swap, trade exhibit!



Play tic-tac-toe and other favorite games this different way

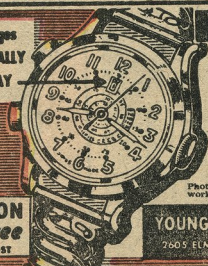


Tiny autos, trucks and trolleys make grand props for table-top photography



Demonstrate and teach traffic and safety

Date Changes
AUTOMATICALLY
EVERY DAY



EXPANSION
BAND Free
OF EXTRA COST

AMAZING New WATCH

with MECHANICAL BRAIN
Remembers - Tells Time - Tells Date

MEASURES SPEED • RECORDS UP TO 12 HOURS
• OVER 40 QUALITY FEATURES.

Precision Jeweled, Imported Swiss Movement. Accurate. Dependable. Push-Button Stop and Start. Red Sweep-Second Hand. Unbreakable Crystal. Triple Chrome Plated Case. Shock Resistant. Nite-Vue Radium Glow Dial. Anti-Magnetic. Times Sports, Times Races, Times Lab. work, Times Planes, Expansion Band included.

Compare it at \$50.00

\$8.95
Plus 90c
Fed. Tax

YOUNG PRODUCTS, DEPT. 2028,
2605 ELMHURST - DETROIT 6, MICH.

SEND NO MONEY!

Rush coupon for immediate delivery. We'll ship it 10 days without obligation. Supply is, of course, limited. Order today.



WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for
Radio-Television than any other man.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You

I TRAINED THESE MEN



LOST JOB, NOW HAS OWN SHOP
"Got laid off my machine shop
job which I believe was best
thing ever happened as I opened
a full time Radio Shop. Business
is picking up every week."—E.
F. Slate, Corsicana, Texas.



GOOD JOE WITH STATION
"I am Broadcast Engineer at
WLPM. Another technician and
I have opened a Radio-TV serv-
ice shop in our spare time. Big
TV sales here . . . more work
than we can handle."—J. H.
Bangley, Suffolk, Va.



\$10 TO \$15 WEEK SPARE TIME
"Four months after enrolling for
NRI course, was able to serv-
ice Radios averaged \$10
to \$15 a week spare time. Now
have full time Radio and
Television business."—William
Weyde, Brooklyn, New York.

AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G. I. BILLS

WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Dohmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."



1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized . . . many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.

You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 3443, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 39th Year.

The ABC's of
SERVICING

Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience . . . work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

This is Just Some of
the Equipment My
Students Build. All
Parts Yours to Keep.

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3443
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book.

FREE. (No salesman will call. Please
write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

VETS write in date
of discharge _____

How to Be a
Success
in RADIO-
TELEVISION

GET PRIZES... MAKE MONEY

I want to give you your choice of a whistle, table, an archery set, a golden trumpet, a bicycle, a radio, a clock, a sewing machine, a cash register. Many prizes are given without cost for selling just one order of 48 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 16c per pack.



NEW, GOLDEN TRUMPET. GIVEN FOR SELLING ONE ORDER.

"Uncle" Harry Bard, the man who has been helping boys and girls earn prizes and extra cash for 35 years.

BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly, to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once.

Thousands of boys and girls have been farming prizes this easy way for 35 years. Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope for your order of

American Seeds. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize. Or, keep \$1.60 in cash for each 48-pack order you sell. **SEND NO MONEY. I TRUST YOU.**



AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pa.

MAIL THIS COUPON Today

AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 48 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will mail them at 16c a pack, send you the money, and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

State _____

JEAN, SEE THIS AD OF THE AMERICAN SEED CO. IT'S AN EASY WAY TO GET THAT CAMERA I WANT

LET'S SEND THE COUPON TODAY. I KNOW LOTS OF PEOPLE WHO PLANT SEEDS

YES, BOBBY WE NEED GARDEN SEEDS. I'LL BUY SIX PACKS

IT WAS FUN AND EASY TO SELL OUR SEEDS AND HERE'S THE MAILMAN WITH OUR PRIZES

THIS IS A NEAT CAMERA. WHY DON'T YOU FELLOWS SEND THE COUPON TODAY? YOU CAN CHOOSE FROM 70 SWEET PRIZES!

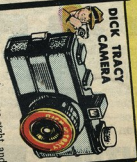


I'll Give You a Watch, Air Rifle, Uke, Camera or Any of My 70 BIG PRIZES

Just for Selling American Seeds to your Family, Friends and Neighbors



Refined 700 Square Shooting Set
Famous Ben Pearson makes Has a 34" cross, hardwood bow, 4 feathers. Sell one target, face, wooden arrow, and one order of American Seeds plus 75c.



DICK TRACY CAMERA
Camera has telescopic sight and face focus. Comes complete with carrying case. Sell one order.



FULL SIZE VIOLIN
Famous "push button" player. Both given for one order plus 50c.



LADIES' SHOULDER BAG
Available in Red, Blue or Brown. Sell one order.



BOYS' GIRLS' WRIST WATCHES
Gold-plated Girl's Brace \$2.50 Watch. Sell one order plus 50c. Boy's Radium Dial Watch. Sell one order plus \$1.50



JET PLANE
Attach wings, lift free away it goes. Flies 500 mph. Given for selling just one order



ELECTRONIC WAIVER TALKIE
Attach wings, lift free away it goes. Flies 500 mph. Given for selling just one order



WIN A Selection BICYCLE
1st prize \$250
2nd prize \$150
3rd prize \$100

GRAND PRIZE AWARDS \$1,500 IN EXTRA

SELECTION BICYCLES
1st prize \$250
2nd prize \$150
3rd prize \$100

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A fast-shooting .380 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00

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